

you and me, we live a simple life

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[KuroFai]

you and me, we live a simple life

\_Written some time back for clampkink. Contrary to the summary, this actually has no sex involved, so don't get your hopes up.  
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\_Tsubasa Reservoir Chronicle and its characters do not belong to me.\_

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><p><strong>you and me, we live a simple life<strong>

Kurogane keeps a simple lifestyle.

His routine is much the same every day—he wakes up, goes to the gym just down the street, visits home for a quick shower, goes to work, and goes home to make some crappy dinner for himself. It hasn't changed in the past five or so years he's been staying in the state of Celes. He doesn't talk much to his neighbors (his landlady Yuuko does enough of that herself), he entertains himself on the computer, reads his ninja comics and occasionally attempts writing his own ninja stories. He hears the music and voices and bumps and thumps from his neighbors' apartments sometimes, but it isn't overbearingly annoying, so he lives quietly in his own little bubble, with an occasional call from his cousin.

It is to his surprise, then, when he opens his door one day in a hurry to get to work (someone locked the gym entrance up, of all things), to find crystal-blue eyes staring right back at him, almost entirely hidden by the messiest shock of straw-colored hair.

He knows that face.

He's seen that face on far more occasions than he can count, on both high- and low-resolution images and videos, seen it awash with smiles and politeness and craftiness and twisted in pleasure.

"Hello," "Yuui" says, and he smiles a sunny smile full of perfect white teeth. He sounds almost the same as he does on video. "I haven't seen you before. I've met all my other neighbors, and Yuuko said you keep a very regular schedule. What's your name?"

"Kurogane," he says dumbly, still staring. At least his jaw isn't hanging. This feels like a dream. "What's yours?"

"Yuui" looks him up and down, interest flickering in those bright eyes. He's holding a paper cup of coffee, Kurogane realizes, with the black bat-wing logo of Reed's Coffee Shop plastered all over it. This is possibly the longest he's seen the man with this many clothes on, and for so long.

(His brain is superimposing all those high-res images of "Yuui" onto this man; he knows what that chest looks like beneath the knitted blue sweater, knows the shape of that lean stomach, those long legs wrapped in grey, washed-out jeans. He's seen "Yuui" dressed in suits, in swimming trunks, in uniforms and all manner of kinky clothing, but not a \_sweater and jeans\_.)

"I'm Fai. Fai Fluorite," "Yuui" says, and Kurogane stares at him.

"Right. Nice to meet you, Fai."

Funny thing to say when you know exactly what this man's erection looks like, larger than life, in all its 1600x1200 pixelated glory. Kurogane shifts uncomfortably on his feet.

"I have to be going," he says. "Late for work."

"Ah." Fai gives him another bright smile, waves his coffee at him. "Sure. See you around, Kurogane!"

He hurries on to his car, choosing to save all thinking about "Yuui" for later.

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It's night and he's sitting at his computer, blinking vertical bar waiting on the search engine form. Kurogane is so very tempted to attempt searching for more information on "Yuui". There's no way this new neighbor of his isn't the exact same one he's seen possibly a thousand times on his computer. His fingers hover on the keyboard, and he hesitates.

Fai Fluorite deserves his privacy. The walls are thin, and Kurogane doesn't need to know more about his neighbor than what he chooses to share. He knows he should be content with "Yuui", yet all the same...

He's never thought about "Yuui" drinking coffee, or wearing normal, everyday clothes, behaving like a boy next door. "Yuui" has always been a distant concept, a fantasy, blue eyes half-lidded with lust and, in his imagination, staring at him when he jerks off.

He's written blonds with blue eyes in his sad attempts at ninja fiction. The writing doesn't turn out that great, but "Yuui" makes a good ninja in his stories. He meets a dark-haired man, and they hit it off.

Kurogane thinks about masturbating, thinks about looking up pictures of "Yuui", and finds that he can't. It's just weird. It's like lusting after an especially sexy neighbor and he wants to be able to look the man in the eye the next time they meet.

So, he's torn.

He ends up shutting the computer down and burying himself in a paperback ninja novel instead. It isn't very helpful, but it takes his mind off blonds and coincidences and that kind of thing. At least, for a while, it helps.

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They go out for coffee that very Saturday. It's not exactly planned. Kurogane spends an extra fifteen minutes in the gym, and when he gets home, the blond is just stepping out of his apartment, flyaway hair flattened on one side and pink bedsheet creases pressed into his cheek. Kurogane volunteers to drive him to the coffee place on the other end of the street, if he doesn't mind the sweat stink.

Fai brightens and says yes, that he doesn't mind sweaty, stinky men. At least, adorable ones, anyway.

Kurogane ducks ahead so Fai doesn't see the flush on his cheeks.

He rolls the windows of the car down so fresh, crisp air circulates through the tin box, drives the five minutes it takes to get to Reed's Coffee Shop. He parks outside; they push the glass door open and walk in, bat-chime tinkling against glass. Fai greets the solemn, pale lady at the counter. Kurogane doesn't know her name; Fai strikes a conversation, calls her Xing Huo, and she eases into a tiny smile.

"What's the big doggy having?" he asks over his shoulder, blue eyes twinkling.

Kurogane shrugs. He's never really been here. There's coffee in his office that's "just coffee" to him, and he makes tea at home on weekend mornings. "Tea? Green tea, if you have that."

They order breakfast to eat in the coffee shop, and it's probably the first time in a long while that Kurogane has had to sit with a (nearly-complete) stranger and try to think of something to say. He knows what "Yuui" has done. He doesn't know what Fai likes. He figures it's a good opportunity to learn.

He finds out that Fai works as a programmer in one of the startup game companies based in this town. He tells Fai about his marketing

research but leaves the numbers outâ€"those will get boring quick.

In between, the owner of the coffee shop breezes past with broom and dustpan, large glasses sitting on his long nose, looking like a comic book character with his greying sideburns and the two sharp points he's shaped his hair into. Kurogane didn't think old men gelled their hair (his father didn't, and neither did his friends). Fai tells him that Fei Wong, the owner, bakes his own cookies. The man's even thought about starting an online shop for them.

Kurogane doesn't have much to say other than "Huh."

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Their friendship progresses in starts and stops. They don't see each other during the week; sometimes (more often than not), Kurogane bumps into Fai during the weekend mornings, and they head over to breakfast at the same coffee shop, watched over by the same, grandfatherly old man who smells like vanilla and mint.

Kurogane doesn't ask Fai about "Yuui". If he does, things could head either of two ways. One, Fai is "Yuui", or at least knows who he is, and Kurogane doesn't have the disposition to joke about something like that convincingly enough to act like he isn't interested. Two, Fai wouldn't know, Kurogane would have to explain, or avoid explaining so much that Fai would wind up doing research on "Yuui", which would bring things back to the same conclusion.

So, they don't talk about it.

(Kurogane's decided that he can indulge in "Yuui" a few days before he sees Fai. That way, he has time to process and acknowledge that he's jerking off to videos of his next-door neighbor, and things aren't that awkward when they next meet up for breakfast.)

Of course, there comes a point where they do have to talk about it.

Fai climbs through Kurogane's window one weekday morning. He doesn't find that out, however. He's got his headphones on, between gym and work, and he's watching one of his favorite videos of "Yuui", smoky eyes and lean body flushed with desire, pleasuring himself. Kurogane savors the pressure caught in his own palm, feels his breath catch.

Something light lands on his shoulder; he glances quizzically down at it, and jumps about a foot in the air when he realizes Fai's standing behind him, too-bright smile on his face.

He snatches his hand away, tugs his clothes back on, and pulls the headset off. "What?" he yelps.

"I didn't think you were shy," Fai says.

"What the hell are you doing in here?" Kurogane snaps, his cheeks burning. The video of "Yuui" is still playing on the screen and he wants to die on the spot. "There's a doorbell!"

"I rang it about six times, and there was no answer." Fai smiles sheepishly. "So I thought to check the back."

"You could've called!"

"I don't have your phone number."

Kurogane rubs his hand across his face. "Right. What do you want?"

He stands and turns, mostly to hide his computer (trying to close windows now will just be humiliating) so they aren't both glancing guiltily at it.

Fai is the more embarrassed one of them now, possibly. "I locked myself out. Yuuko says you wouldn't mind having me over for a bit while she comes over to unlock the door."

Kurogane wants to groan. Yuuko is a witch, he doesn't doubt it. "Except I do mind. I'm heading out to work in five."

Fai grimaces. "Oh. I'm sorry."

He breathes a sigh. "Whatever. I guess you can make yourself at home here in the meantime."

The blond brightens. "Okay. That's very nice of you."

Kurogane shrugs. He's about to turn away when he figures he may as well—it's not like he has anything left to hide. He waves at the computer screen. "That you?"

Fai gives a wry smile. "Funny you should ask. But yes. That's me."

He gulps, doesn't know what to say.

"I did quite a few stints during my college days," Fai says. "Helped pay the bills."

"Oh."

The silence between them stretches long and painful.

"I should get going," Kurogane says. "Can't risk being late."

"Of course you shouldn't. I should... make myself scarce."

"Yeah."

Fai leaves through the bedroom door; Kurogane only notices now that he's holding his shoes in his hands. He finally closes the browser window, gets dressed, and checks all the windows in his apartment. The one in the guest bedroom is unlocked. \_Hitsuzen,\_ he remembers the witch saying.

Fai's lounging around his living room with a bowl of cereal when he steps out, ready to leave. "I didn't think Kuro-strong-man has peanut butter puff cereal."

Kurogane shrugs. "I eat that occasionally."

The blond leaves the cereal on the coffee table, he comes up to smile brightly at Kurogane, more sincerely this time. "Thank you for letting me stay a while." He leans in, sniffs at Kurogane's aftershave. "Mmm. Smells good."

Kurogane has watched too many porn videos and not enough romantic, sappy crap, so he doesn't know what he's supposed to say at all to Fai, to "Yuui", who's beaming up at him. He shoves his spare key at Fai instead. "Lock up if you decide to leave."

Fai grins and throws himself at Kurogane, slender and light and airy. "Kuro-cute is the best!"

"My name is Kurogane!" he says. It's a bit of a losing battle.

"Kuro... picky," Fai insists, and before he can protest, Fai's leaning in and pressing soft lips against his. "You're still very nice, even if you secretly masturbate to videos of me."

He splutters; Fai laughs and dances away, grabbing his butt for a split-second.

"I'll make sure your home is safe," Fai promises. "I won't lose your key."

"Yeah, well, don't lock yourself out this time, either," Kurogane says.

"I'll wait for you to get home if I do." Fai smiles and waves him off from the front door. "You're going to be late if you hang around any more, you know."

Kurogane rolls his eyes. Fai's starting to sound like a housewife, and they aren't even dating yet. "Whatever. See you."

"See you," the idiot sings. He's waving a stiff piece of tissue from the doorway and blowing kisses at Kurogane, and Kurogane doesn't know what to think. He's smiling though.

They'll sort it out along the way, he figures.

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><p><strong>AN: \*\*I really liked this fic when I wrote it - porn star fic with no porn, woohoo!

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